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# The COLLEGE GREETINGS



April - 1917



# The College Greetings

The College Greetings is published monthly by the students of Illinois Woman's College.

Contributions to its pages are solicited from the students of all departments, and from the alumnae. They are due the fifteenth of each month.

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# The College Greetings

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Vol. XXI

Jacksonville, Ill., April, 1917

No. 7

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## ART EXHIBITION

We are having our third annual exhibition of pictures by American painters these last few weeks of March and are receiving much joy and pleasure from their presence. The exhibition this year comes from the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design of New York, and also includes a group of pictures by Miss Knopf of the School of Fine Arts. The exhibition is by far the best we have yet had—and in quality it bespeaks much for what is being done in the art of our own country today and for the future of that very real school—the School of American Painting whose future means much to our national life.

What an exhibition of this kind means to the life of college students is much greater than the mere presence of the pictures here would indicate, for, as taste is trained by study and observation of the best in literature and music, so appreciation of art is trained by study and observation of the best that is being done in art. The same tenets that are the basis of criticism in literature and music hold good in art. We too often regard art as a luxury for the few especially gifted ones, instead of a necessity for all. To study intelligently the pictures now hung in the society halls means to increase one's knowledge of the beauty in nature, her varying changing moods and different aspects, a keener understanding and appreciation of form and color and a greater sympathy for the spiritual atmosphere that every creator of art must put into a picture, if he hopes to have the spiritual response that comes from understanding. It is a great privilege to have these pictures here to live with for three weeks; the return to each one of us in joy and pleasure is something that only the future can com-



pute. We must try to bring into our viewpoint the background of the history of American painting and see how these pictures are expressive of the times in which they are produced—and not just an isolated circumstance.

There are many pictures here that give the keenest sort of pleasure and we may only mention a few particularly noteworthy ones. As you enter the room there is a large snow scene called "Melting Snow" by John F. Carlson. It is wonderfully expressive of a winter day with thaw in the air. It is so full of atmosphere that one can almost feel the quality of the air itself. At the left is hung "Morning on the River" by Folinsbee, a young painter of unusual attainment. It is an expression of nature in a most enticing mood, painted with the broken colors of the impressionist but carrying a very convincing sense of actuality.

A very attractive decorative canvas, mural in character, by Myron Barlow called "Apples" is very fine in line and distribution of color-masses.

The "Swimming Hole" by Ernest Lawson is a most individual canvas and it fairly scintillates with the forest atmosphere of a summer's day. And Frank Swift Chase's "November Hills" is a canvas of such poetry as to leave an indelible impression on one's mind, of purple hills and richly hued trees bathed in the bloom of autumn color.

A very striking picture by Hayley Lever, one of the modern young painters, is of remarkable design and marvelous in color quality—it is an absolute transcription of a brilliant nature moment and speaks strongly for the optimism and outlook of American painting in the next decade.

Of the older men who belong to the Tonalists there are pictures by Bruce Crane, Birge Harrison, Chas. Warren Eaton and Ben Foster; a delightful picture by Gardner Symons; two marines, one by Wm. Ritschel and a very unusual one by Chauncey Ryder whose "Pack Monadnock" had so many admirers in last year's exhibition.



There are a number of unusual portraits—one by Lydia Field Emmet, who stands high among American women painters; a remarkably sympathetic interpretation called "My Mother" by Romanovsky and a portrait of the "Misses C." by Mrs. Kenyon Cox that is one of the most enticing pictures in the exhibit—one is drawn back to it again and again, fascinated by the charm of the two children.

"Solace Gate"—the facade of some big church—is a remarkably poetic and spiritual interpretation of what the church should be to all of us.

We were very glad to have several of Miss Knopf's pictures hung with the others. This is the exception that proves the rule that a man is not without appreciation except in his own country. Miss Knopf's pictures have attracted considerable favorable attention and we quote from the press regarding them:

"Miss Knopf paints with the breadth and lack of affectation of the real artist. She handles her brush with a man's grasp and her color sense is unusual. Among her pictures attracting special attention are 'From a High Place' and 'The Cypress Trees on Cape Cod,' which show her at her best in the use of brilliant color and the interpretation of the passing moods of nature. In the 'Island Ledge' and 'August Morning' one feels the immensity and surge of the ocean. In 'The Young Birches' and 'Opal Morning' is shown the unusual poetical quality of her work. And the appealing and sympathetic 'Heart of the Pine Woods' with the sunlight filtering through on the brown needles has a charm all its own."



### SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE ART EXHIBIT

After my very first inspection of the pictures, even before they were hung, I knew that I liked the Hayley Lever best. The cunning Cox children, the lovely damp moistness of "Melting Snow" by Carlson, Ernest Lawson's "The



Swimming Hole" with its flecks of light and the portrait of "My Mother" by Romanovsky are all my favorites, but the picture of "Smeaton's Quay, St. Ives" by Hayley Lever is my first and best love. With that painting where I could see it frequently I know I could conquer the world. There is life—glorious, bounding, vigorous life and there is joy in living, too. The bright sunshine which fills the picture with light, the brisk gale which is tossing the anchored ships about like corks, some turning one way and some another, the blue blue of the choppy water and the hum and stir of life on the quay painted with a manner and composition which are interesting, make a most satisfying picture. There is so much inspiration in the freedom with which it is executed. Freedom in thought and manner and daring in color but, nevertheless, freedom with restraint. Vigor there is, too, but not the vigor of absolute abandon; rather it is the vigor of busyness. Each man is at work yet all are doing work which will benefit the whole group. I can gaze and gaze at this picture. It never tires me. The bright blowing phase of nature which is depicted with such truth gives an exhilarating atmosphere. If I could only be there walking along that quay; it would make me sniff the air like a hunting dog, take off my hat, if I had one on, so that I might feel the wind through my hair and run with out-flying arms, with the gale.

P. W.



## A CHAPTER IN PARSONAGE LIFE

Life in a parsonage has its novel and interesting experiences. Whatever the disadvantages of having to pack up and move at the most inconvenient times, there is always the interest to be found in new scenes, new faces, and a new environment. To be sure you are often disappointed on leaving a lovely new house for an old, unsightly structure with holes in the roof and cracks in the





floor; but even this has its compensations. You cultivate the ability of adjusting yourself to circumstances. Large rugs must be made to fit small floors, or small ones stretched to meet the requirement of a barn of a room; furniture must be arranged so that it will not look scanty or over crowded; pictures must be artistically hung over the unsightly patches on the wall; and a family of seven or eight comfortably installed in a small six-room house. Certainly it is given to the child of the parsonage to learn that a home can be made out of almost any house.

But greater than the interest and excitement of adjusting yourself to the new home is that of meeting new people and adjusting yourself to them. Just as many surprises await the new family as are in store for the community into which they go.

It is a queer feeling on arriving after dark in a small town, having ridden fifty miles across country, to find an empty house with no one to greet you. While your father is out searching for help you sit with your brother on the front steps, too tired to care what sort of a place you are in. Across the street neighbors peer through the door and you hear their wondering remarks. Finally new-found friends appear and you are given lodgings for the night in some kind home. But soon the questions begin. When will the rest of the family arrive? How old are they and what are their names? After answering these and numerous others for several people, you wish they would be content to wait and see for themselves whether your brother has light or dark hair and whether your sister is tall or short. And what stories you have to contradict! A most amusing family history has evidently preceded your arrival. You learn that you have brothers married and sisters engaged and your family has increased to twice its natural size. You think how much those people have to learn and how disappointed they necessarily will be to learn that you are all just ordinary, freckle-faced, mischievous children.



Then there are so many people to meet and names to remember. How is it possible to keep the Smiths and Browns and Joneses separate? But the ordeal of all ordeals comes on Sunday. After searching for clothes in the bottom of the trunks and combing your hair before a hand mirror, you with your family go to church. You sit together in a pew to which you have been ushered near the front. It looks like a deliberate plot, for you feel the eyes of the whole congregation on your back. To keep from returning their stare you gaze at the ceiling or rivet your eyes on your father in the pulpit.

However, such ordeals are soon over and in a few weeks the family is settled. You have already quarreled with the girl next door, have had to stay after school, and have learned that your neighbor, Mrs. Brown, makes splendid ginger cookies. The novelty of things soon wears off, you cease to be a stranger in the community, and you have learned to know many good people just like those you left behind in other towns.

Ora Theobald, '17.



## SPRING FEVER

Doctors of today are usually very proficient in controlling the development of diseases and in spreading propoganda concerning the possibilities of disease. But, as yet, I have heard of none who claims the distinction of both curing and preventing that most persistent of diseases—spring fever. Some few people seem invulnerable to its attacks; almost all people succumb yearly to it. I am one of the latter group.

And, yearly, I wonder why something can't be done to cure patients of this disease. I have diagnosed the cases of many of my friends in my efforts to make myself famous by announcing some cure—so miraculous and yet so simple that the pedigreed doctors would shake their heads in despair to think that a mere woman with abso-



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lutely no degree should have discovered the great secret—a medicine for spring fever. But my friends were too nonchalant about the matter; I could get no satisfaction from them. At last in desperation I decided to try to analyze my own case.

Truly, this was an interesting analysis. At first I was unsuccessful—perhaps because I let myself be guided too much by the reasons my friends gave for their cases. But, one day I had a vision—if such it might be called—of the real nature of spring fever. It was what the Italians call “dolce far niente”—the pleasure of idleness. With them it must be chronic. The balmy southern atmosphere, the lazy clouds and warm blue seas are theirs the year round. We Americans with our radical change in seasons are not so prone to experience this pleasure in such a degree at all times, though most of us know the joys of leisure. But, spring, somehow, is irresistible. With the budding of the trees, the springing of the flowers and the awakening of all life to renewed vigor, all out-of-doors seems to call us to leave our book or whatever we are doing and to come and commune with nature—to ramble for hours over fields and through woods; to sit by a babbling brook and dream; to get into a canoe and paddle lazily along with the current—in short to give ourselves up to the pure joy of living, to the pleasure of sweet idleness. During these days conscience is easily lulled to sleep and we are content to forget duty and to answer the call of the great out-of-doors; we are content to be in the grip of spring fever. And then came my second discovery! Who cares to be cured of such a malady—such a gloriously delightful malady? My dreams of fame have vanished!

M. A. P.

Miss Knopf—“I see why you took that seat, Elizabeth—to see the people go by.”

E. McC.—“Miss Knopf, you know too much.”



## The College Greetings



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### EDITORIAL

The cry of the day is social efficiency and colleges, the training camps of the country, are trying to satisfy this demand by providing organizations that will give its students opportunity to cope with such situations as they are likely to meet in life. Such an aim necessarily demands that there be many organizations dealing with as many phases of interest. And, as a result the smaller colleges are often overcrowded with associations. It is decidedly hard for students, especially new students, to meet this situation. Almost all organizations offer attractive inducements to join and the students usually join indiscriminately. Later, when everything is in full swing, it is difficult, nay—almost impossible to keep up with all of the activities. Consequently, the indolent student takes the merest passive interest in them, while the energetic one is likely to take an interest too active for her own good. So, it is a good thing to consider the matter carefully before deciding about becoming members of any. Consider which organization will benefit you most and which one you can do the most for. It is a good thing to be interested in all sides of college life, yet you cannot extend your energies indiscriminately and be active in everything. Conservation is a good good thing in this as well as other lines. Consider the matter carefully and when you have made your decision, stick to it. The organizations will be better off for having some enthusiastic members and you will find yourself able to do more and do better things along the lines which you have chosen.

\* \* \*



We are sorry that the prize essay of the Wesley Mathers Essay contest was printed in the March number unsigned. The first prize was awarded to Miss Lora Whitehead and second prize to Miss Louise Reed.

**"MARG"**

"Come in," I drawled sleepily, and a voice at the door whispered, "Don't be frightened, it's only Marg."

"Well what in the world do you want to wake up your next door neighbor at this time of night for? Haven't you anything else you could do?" I called out peevishly. "I have an ethics exam tomorrow and I'd like to sleep an hour or so tonight if it doesn't interfere too greatly with your pleasure—" I stopped short. Marg was standing in the moonlight by the window and I could see that she had on her street suit and a heavy veil over her little turban. I jumped up and slipped into my bath robe. "Why, Marg, sweetheart, is your father worse? I'm so sorry I was cross. Do you want me to go to the train with you?"

"No, Ruth, it's worse than that—it's worse than anything else in the world could ever be. Ruth! Ruth! Ruth!" she cried hysterically, "I'm a murderer, a real murderer—I've—I've killed my roommate."

"Marg are you crazy? If something's wrong with Marian we must get the nurse—come on."

"If you love me," she whispered, "sit down and let me tell you about it; there isn't any use of going after the nurse, Marian is dead—and oh! Ruth!—she's lying there in the moonlight with her eyes all big and staring and her—her mouth shut tight and she's stiff and cold and—and I killed her." Marg's whole frame was shaking convulsively and she kept wringing and clenching her hands and throwing them out in wild little gestures.

"I went down town this afternoon," she sobbed, "to get some poison to put on crackers for that miserable little



mouse that lives in my closet and—and I came home and fixed them and put them on the shelf and—and Ruth they're all gone and I know now that Marian ate them. I woke up and loo-oked over at her and she looked so awful that I got up and went over to the bed. I just stood—stood there and stared at her. I couldn't go away. I couldn't even scream—and something all round me kept saying 'You killed her—You killed her—You killed her'."

I just sat there like a stone—I didn't know what to do. Marg had pushed back her veil, and in the bright moonlight her face looked so drawn, and haggard, and old that I could hardly associate it with the face of the Marg I knew—the face of the happiest, sweetest, little Sophomore in school.

"I don't know how long I stood there," she went on, in a low, dead monotone. "I guess it was a long, long time—anyway, it was long enough for Marian's staring eyes to burn their picture into my soul. I don't believe as long as I live, that I can ever, ever see the moonlight again without seeing those big blue eyes.

"I came over to tell you about it, Ruth, because I know you better than any other girl. I—I came to tell you 'goodbye.' I'm going to slip away tonight, because I can't bear to see the girls. They've always been so good to me and I love them all so, that I just can't stay."

Marg stopped, and leaned her tired head against the window sill. The clock in the church tower struck three and somewhere, away in the night, a dog howled dismally.

"There'll be a trial, of course," she said, "I don't know what will happen because I don't know about things like that. I don't care much what happens—I wouldn't care at all if it wasn't for father. I want you to keep on loving me, Ruth, the same as you did before—and think of me sometimes—and—and pray for me. I'm going now, Ruth, kiss me again and don't, don't forget me. goodbye."



Just outside she stopped to call softly over the transom, "Don't be peeved at me, old Lady Gullible—I'm going to enter the second Dramatic club tryout and I just wanted to see if I could enter into characters and make people believe what I was saying. I guess I can," and she ran away down the corridor.

Zay Wright, '19.



### ON SALADS

To some men a salad is a custom; to others it is a religion. To the man to whom the salad is merely that course which comes between the meat and dessert, is unknown one of the real ecstasies of life. In fact, I am not sure but that I should instinctively distrust the man who looked upon salad as merely something to eat, as a green something with a dressing which gave his diet necessary food values. He might be all that was good, virtuous, and brilliant, but still I should feel a lack of fineness of taste, a lack of discrimination. I have seen men of this type, gaze absently at the dainty salad set before them, all curling green lettuce, green peppers and bits of pimento garnish, fumble about for the salad fork and ruthlessly attack the dish as if it were pork and beans. To the man to whom salad is a religion, this lack of appreciation is a trial. The salad lover, on the other hand, receives a distinct sensation of thrill when the salad is brought on. He feasts his eyes for a moment, content at first with the aesthetic sight, then with the savory fragrance of the oil and vinegar with their dash of paprika and garlic. Having paid his first homage, he next tastes and lets his soul expand in appreciation. Good fellowship wells up in him as he eats deliberately and whole-heartedly. He seems to feel the crisp freshness of spring through all his being and life assumes a roseate hue. It is an aesthetic pleasure to see such a man eat a salad. Can one say eat in this case? Rather, it is the long inspiration of the wor-



shipper as he arises from his knees to ascend the steps of the altar.

But there are salads and salads. To the first man there is little or no difference. To the second the salad is a poem or an impossibility. The materials may be perfect, served and arranged with an eye to taste and balance, but if the dressing is too tart or oily, not properly emulsified, then it is hollow mockery, a haunting specter of the might have been. But the first man? He eats the impossibility as the poem, not knowing his own ignorance. Perhaps, after all, the first man's lack of discrimination is a virtue.

P. W



### ON BATHING

A friend once asked me if I did not think a bath aesthetic. At the time I laughed heartily at the idea. To me a bath was merely one of the regular features of a day. It was a matter of course, a habit, a necessity. Never in my wildest flights of imagination had I considered it a luxury or an aesthetic occurrence.

But now I am older and wiser grown. The water-famine in my college town is an entirely new experience to me. The short supply of water has affected us very seriously. It means that the bath is the unusual, the coveted. Now I look forward to bathing as one of the most delightful experiences of the week. The sight of a tubful of water has the effect upon me that I imagine the sight of a pond has upon a duck. I want to plunge in and feel the undulation of the wavelets around me. I spash about with the same joyous abandon that characterizes the paddling of the duck. But before long my reverie is broken by a loud pounding on the door of my compartment, accompanied by a staccato demand, "How soon will you be through?" My community conscience is awakened and I reply, "In just a minute." One more





moment of delight and then—presto! I plunge—out. The charm is broken. Soon I am ready to leave the bathroom.

But, before I go—one last fond look at the formerly prosaic tub. No longer is it an article of purely utilitarian qualities. It have become a “thing of beauty and a joy forever.” Its long, beautifully curved lines, its shining whiteness! Ah! Yes! My friend, I agree with you now. A bath is aesthetic and a tub a work of art.

M. A. P



### WANTED—A SUBSTITUTE

This is an age of substitutes. When one commodity is not at hand, are not the person's wants quickly filled by using something else which has been provided to take its place? Shopkeepers are quick to notice what effect their wares have upon their customers, whether or not they are satisfied, and if they are not, what they can give them, what they can substitute in order to please them.

Why cannot we be just as persistent in finding something to take the place of the saloon? Instead we say, “Substitutes are a failure. There is nothing else which will provide for the working man the pleasure which he gets from the saloon.” It is true that we have a difficult problem with which to deal, and one which needs careful thought and insight. But it is also true that the question has not been dealt with in the right way and not enough consideration has been given to it. Soon the right kind of a substitute will surely be found.

The working man, as well as men higher in the social scale, must have some recreation. There must be some place where he can go and have agreeable companionship, rest, warmth and excitement. A man has worked all day long, has eaten a cold lunch out of a paper bag and has come home at night, tired and hungry and anxious to bring some change into the routine of his daily life. But his



home is cold and cheerless, his family not agreeable and the meal is not well prepared. Therefore, for his relaxation he turns to the saloon.

Here his social instinct is satisfied; he has his companions and his club just as truly as does the real club man of the upper class. Entertainments and games are provided for him; he may read the racing news, talk about the latest ball game and have a good lunch, all at a low cost. There is no restraint put upon him, and no one person is treated better than the other. All are on the same level.

Then, why should we try to find a substitute if the saloon provides for the working man his social life? The reason lies in the fact that the sociability found here is counterfeit. It is defective at the core. In the first place it is provided at a high cost in morality and money. For the man who starts drinking and continues, lives on a lower plane than he did before he began. As to the money side of the cost of drinking, you say that, for the money he pays, the man receives full value. Possibly alcoholic drinks provide a very little nutritive value. But they do this in the most expensive way giving a smaller food value for the amount of money spent than would any article of food which could be purchased with the money.

Even though the saloon is called the "poor man's club" it is one which treats him unfairly. It takes advantage of his poverty and his desire for intoxicating liquor. Compelled by his thirst for them, he drinks more and more, and thus his entertainment becomes expensive. This is only a temporary form of sociability, a false one in which the man places his hope.

Surely some way can be found in which the sociability, freedom and companionship can be provided without the alcoholic liquors. To provide this way, one must understand the people and what they want. The substitute must be truly social and satisfy this instinct. The place provided must be entirely free from alcoholic drinks. One



cannot expect to overcome the drink problem by substituting for its evil an occasional drink or one which contains a small per cent of alcohol, for this will soon lead to heavier drinking. The abolishment of the social cup does not mean that the entertainment provided shall be given gratis to the laborer, for without a small charge he will feel that he is not keeping his self-respect. He does not want to belong to a charity organization but one to which he feels he belongs with people of his class and to which he pays his dues.

But the alcohol is not the only thing that must be eliminated from the new social center. One which had all of the forms of entertainment which the saloon has, except the drinks, would not be successful. A higher standard must be set; clean, healthful and interesting amusements provided.

The substitute before it can be really effective must reach all the sources of the drink evil. It must give excitement and provide something to take the place of the stimulation and the craving for the drink. The opportunity which the saloonkeeper has for making money, and the political approval of the saloon are two of the hardest sources to reach. Even if one saloonkeeper can be persuaded to give up his business, it does scarcely any good at all for his barroom will soon be taken by another man. The opportunity for making money is too great to let the place stand idle; a more economical and efficient method of money-making must be provided. The licensinig of saloons and the breaking of the law concerning saloons make the problem a difficult one. For the work against the saloon must be done in the open.

The destructive methods must be replaced by constructive. Just as soon as the saloon is taken away, something better must take its place.

Some of the substitutes which could be made very effective are the coffee-house, lunch-rooms, reading-



rooms, bowling-alleys, places providing other forms of athletics, and social centers.

A center combining these features might be made very attractive and might be made to accomplish a great deal. Of course it would be expensive at the start, but it would be so inclusive that the results would be far-reaching enough to pay for the effort. A comfortable, well-lighted and cheerful room should be provided for resting and general conversation. A reading-room where daily papers can be procured, and a library would appeal to many who have no other opportunity for reading. The books might be read there and they should also be allowed to be taken out of the library. Let there be an information bureau connected with the library where the working man may receive information free, upon any general subject. A gymnasium providing apparatus for work and having in connection with it a bowling-alley should be at the disposal of the patrons. Shower baths, thus providing facilities which they cannot have at home, will prove to be an attraction. Then, of course, a necessary part of this all-round substitute is the lunch room where good, well prepared food can be obtained for a small amount.

One trouble with the substitutes now in use is that they have no provision for sociability as compared with the saloon. The saloon is splendidly equipped and everything in it is in readiness for enjoyment and ease, while many of the so-called substitutes are cold and barren looking. Some of them are no more than missionary enterprises which have been slightly changed to cover up their real purpose. But in the effective substitute for the saloon, there must be no hint of missionary work. If a man feels that when he goes, he is likely to have to attend a church meeting of some kind, he will stay away. For this is his club and he will resent having his meeting intruded upon by some missionary workers just in the same way as would a club man of the upper classes. The openly religious institutions do a great deal of good work, but it is when



the religion is brought into the man's social club that it defeats its own purpose.

Another cause for the inefficiency of the substitutes lies in the fact that they are not unified. While the saloons compete against one another, yet they stand by each other against a common enemy ready to fight for their own interests. On the other hand, a substitute is often found without knowledge of or reference to others that may be in the same neighborhood. All forces, both religious and secular, should get together and carefully plan out the campaign. They should organize; the communities should be divided and definite work assigned to each division. Records should be kept and if a patron does not receive enjoyment from one substitute he should be referred to another.

By adding another element to the substitute, the civic-patriotic, we have not only a substitute but we make a gain. A man who is patriotic and who will stand up for his country and be ready and willing to fight for it, will be the result. And when there is provided for the working men something which will take the place of the saloon, which will truly satisfy his social needs, then we will have an efficient competitor of the saloon's power.

I. I. I.



### MICHAEL CARR

The Jacksonville Center of the Drama League of America held its annual meeting at the home of Mr. J. G. Ames, Tuesday evening, Feb. 27. Mr. Michael Carr, a former associate of Gordon Craig, discussed Gordon Craig and his work. Craig revolted against the traditions of the English stage in which he had been trained under his mother, Ellen Terry, and Sir Henry Irving. Declaring the customary stage settings horrible, and the actor's traditions of his art an unscientific jumble, Craig proceeded to turn out new theories of his own. He retired to a studio near



Florence to undertake a great series of experiments in his search for a new type of theater, scenery that should be impressive and beautiful, and gestures and expressions that should be on a sure and scientific basis. His work has not succeeded as one usually defines success, but his influence has been great and is more and more widely felt. A danger in this influence appears when his methods, or supposed methods, are imitated without full knowledge and understanding of his aims and ideals. Mr. Carr spoke also of the Little Theater movement and the work that it is attempting to do.



### “TO WRITE A POEM”

Since last month's Greetings came out with my pome in it everybody, but 'specially the Latin I class has been askin' me to learn them how to write pomes.

Why, it's just as easy as talkin'. First you gotta find a subject and you can take just anything. But, f'rice, I'll take the sea. Of course, my pome will have to be about the sea because you can't have the subject one thing and the pome about something else.

It's always easy to make the first line for you can just write anything. F'rince—"Oh! hear the roar of the mighty sea." Then you have to have a word that rhymes with e—so you start down the alphabet—ae, be, ce and so on until you get to "me." Then the next line will be—"Do you think it will drown me?" With the third line you can start all over again because it does not have to end in e. So you write—"On the sea there is a ship." Of course the fourth line has to end in "ip," so you go through the alphabet until you get to "zip." Almost always you have to go way through to the last letters before you get a word that rhymes, so sometimes you'd better start at the end of the alphabet. That's what I did for this word. Then the fourth line will be—"It's a-goin' at an awful zip."



Now, there you have the directions for writing a pome with a pretty good illustration. If you follow this course carefully you will be able to be a regular Virgil or Poe after a few attempts.



### FRESHMAN RECOGNITION SERVICE

There was a moment—indeed, several moments of breathless suspense. It was Friday, March 9, and the chapel looked queer, but of course no one knew what was going to happen. Suddenly the organ swept into a march and from each door came girls gowned in white, with perky yellow caps, yellow ties and jonquils. They were Freshmen. They marched solemnly down to the front of the room and sang. It was a new song and a good one and every one liked it, so they sang it again, and then, splendidly enthusiastic, gave the class yell.

The nineteen-twenty banner, given to the freshmen by nineteen-sixteen was unveiled, the banner which is to stand for so much during the next four years. Then came the time the class had been waiting for. They wanted to sing that song they all loved, and, with a wave of enthusiasm they sang:

“We’re the class of nineteen-twenty,

See our banner here.

Set the school severbrating with a mighty cheer—

U rah rah!”

That isn’t all of it. Ask a freshman to sing the rest for you. After that the class filed down the aisles and Dr. Harker gave a splendid talk welcoming it into full relationship with the college. It was only fitting that our song, “By Stately Elms Surrounded,” should close the service because, back of all class spirit stand the even bigger, finer love—the love for Our College.



G. H.—“Paris had a shepherd’s shin over his shoulder.”



### COLLEGE OF MUSIC

The weekly recitals in the College of Music are proving a strong feature of the work in that department this year. The interest and attendance in these programs has increased steadily all year and the level of performance maintained has been a high one. Especially interesting has been the recital by the children, as nothing shows more clearly the pleasure in the work which the little ones take and the rapid progress possible for them to make under modern methods employed in this department.

On March 4, Mr. Stearns gave his fifth Vesper Organ Recital. On March 21, Mr. Stearns was heard in his annual piano recital.

Miss Helen Henry, a pupil of Mrs. Hartman, gave her graduating recital Friday evening, March 30.



### HOME ECONOMICS

One of the most interesting and helpful of the Home Economics Club meetings was held March 5 in the Social Room. There was no general topic for the afternoon, but several talks were given, relating to the social problems that we girls will have to meet as teachers. They included the work of visiting housekeeper, the development of home economics in social work and its relation to rural communities. The organization and aim of canning clubs was explained.

Each Friday afternoon, for ten weeks, at 3 p. m., the women of Jacksonville are having the opportunity of hearing Miss Walker speak on the subject: "Feeding the Family." Under this general heading the special topics, "The Significance of Food to the Body," and "The Function and Care of the Digestive System" have been discussed.





### THE GERMAN CLUB

At a recent meeting of the German club Miss Coultas talked on Wilhelm Raabe and his writings, taking "Die Chronik der Sperlingsgasse," "Die Schwarze Galeere" and "Else von der Tanne" as the basis for her discussion.

At the next meeting of the club Mrs. Stearns, Miss Neville and Miss Anderson gave some delightful reminiscences of European travel, touching upon points that are of especial interest to those who are studying European life and customs.

We have every reason to be grateful to Mr. Jessen and Mrs. Hartman for a program on Schumann, and the relation of music to literature. Mr. Jessen talked of Schumann's life and his works, and illustrated on the piano the different periods of his musical development, and Mrs. Hartman sang a number of Schumann's most popular songs.



### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The first basket ball game of the tournament was held Saturday, March 18, between the Freshmen and Sophomores. The players and their rooters were out with colors flying. The game was a close one until near the last when the Sophomores ran the score up and left it at 28-17. The line-up:

Sophomores—Sherrel, c; Poland, f; Hasenstab, f; Baker, g; Weiss, g.

Freshmen—McIntyre, c; Baxter, f; Moody, f; Hetherlin, g; Siple, g.

Oh! that Shield! Which class will get it? Let us watch, wait and see!

The Athletic Association has a big surprise for all of you. What? When? Well, soon—keep your eyes wide open and you will find out.



### DRAMATIC CLUB.

Saturday evening, March 10, the Dramatic Club gave a stunt, a short one act play, "The Lost Silk Hat," in Music Hall. The proceeds go to our new gymnasium.

After the play members of the Dramatic Club marched across the stage costumed and acting to represent well-known characters of fiction.

A special try-out for the benefit of those girls still wishing to become members of the Dramatic Club was given Monday, March 19. The girls were given modern plays to read and the humorous interpretations were interesting.

### PHI NU.

We are glad to welcome twenty-five new girls to our number: Mildred Barton, Velma Bordner, Amo Cass, Mary Louise Davis, Josephine Eddy, Helen Dubois, Edith Kensil, Magdaline Mershon, Margaret Shively, Marion Irwin, Margrette Hostetler, Pauline Kennedy, Esther Kirk, Venus Neff, Elizabeth McCord, Laura Murdaugh, Eva Murdaugh, Thelma Houk, Margaret Scrimger, Zerita Schwartz, Louise Thompson, Lucile Sperry, Frances Sconce, Bernice Severin and Eleanor Warner.

A number of our town members were present at our cozy, March first. Several of our old members, Grace Lees, Margaret Goldsmith and Corinne Hughes, were present at our annual initiation banquet, March seventeenth, at Peacock Inn.

### BELLES LETTRES.

We are glad to welcome as members the following girls: Gertrud Onken, Ellen Kline, Florence Madden, Helen Norris, Esther Hetherlin, Catherine Hodge, Avonne Jameson, Florence Chittick, Letha Eilers, Birdie Spindler, Miriam Siple, Mildred Funk, Mary LaRue, Lulu Prettyman and Maurine Motzenbacher.

We were delighted to find a beautiful mahogany floor lamp in our temporary hall, a gift of the new girls.



### THETA SIGMA.

March the thirteenth we were very glad to take our new members into full membership. We welcome Gladys Corbly, Alice Haines, Margaret Turner, Erva Moody, Leatha Bunting, Gladys Goodale and Pauline Janes.

Mary Violet was with us for a short time Monday, March the eleventh.

To celebrate Winifred Sale's birthday, we had a delightful progressive party.

### LAMBDA ALPHA MU.

We are glad to have as new members: Lois Bruner, Ila Bruington, Helen Bishop, Maurine Gifford, Eva Gertrude Hodgens, Gladys Henerhoff, Grace Harris, Dorothea Herrmann, Mardelle Meentz, Edna Metz, Murial Maggee, Alice Piersol and Mary Louise Stuckey.

The new girls presented us with a wicker tea-cart.

We were greatly favored with two songs by Horace Frazier at our last meeting.

The annual initiation banquet was given Saturday, March the seventeenth, at Colonial Inn. Maude Strubinger was toastmistress. The toasts were given by LaVone Patrick, Gladys Henerhoff and Cordelia Randolph.

### ALUMNAE NOTES.

'10. Janette Powell has been substituting in the academy during Miss Steward's illness.

'12. Louise Gates spent the week-end of March seventeenth at home.

'14. Erma Lytle Elliott was married to Leonard Edward Johnston on the evening of Thursday, March fifteenth. The ceremony was performed at the bride's home by Doctor Harker. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston will live in Chillicothe, Missouri.

Geneva Upp is to travel with an eastern chautauqua company this summer as play-ground director. She is



at Columbia this year taking work in physical training.

Katherine Dunbar, ex-'14, and Rollo Witty of St. Louis were married February seventeenth.

'15. Irene Crum has given up her position as teacher in the Lewistown high school and has gone to Boulder, Colorado, for her health.

Josephine Ross has given up her teaching for this year on account of serious illness. She is at home in Jacksonville.

'16. Mary Baldridge, Helen McGhee, Ruth Patton and Lucile Rexroat were at the college the week-end of March twenty-fourth. They came to attend the annual Theta Sigma banquet on Saturday evening.

Ex-'17. Helen Thomas of Winchester was married to William Watt in January.

Ex-'18. On March first occurred the marriage of Blanche Loveless of Taylorville to M. B. Summers. Mr. and Mrs. Summers are at home in Curran, Illinois.



### A CUP OF TEA

What is more cheering than to gather around the great fireplace in the early twilight of a rainy, spring afternoon for a cup of tea! Pile on the logs until the fire roars and leaps up the chimney in defiance of the wind's angry mutter. Then let some one roll the tea-cart in and pour for us a cup of the steaming beverage. With the first sip, all of the cares of the day slip away and gradually vanish in the distance. A low murmur of voices rises to the musical clinking of teaspoons in the saucers. At intervals all are hushed and only the crackling of the burning logs breaks the silence, while eyes meet eyes over the tea cups with that smile of friendship which needs no words for expression. New friends become old friends by that smile and old friends become dearer. The world seems better and more kindly; a deep contentment fills the spirit—all because of the magic influence of a cup of tea.

L. C., '18.



### EXCHANGES.

Iowa Wesleyan of Mt. Pleasant has made a splendid record in oratory. I. W. U. orators have played an active part in the state collegiate contests since 1875. Since that time they have been awarded seven first places, seven seconds, many thirds, and one third Interstate. In the recent Iowa contest Clarence Havinghurst of I. W. U. won first in the state. Cyrus Albertson, representing Morning-side, scored a close second. Iowa Wesleyan girls are also strong for oratory, for they have organized a girls' debating league. Their first May debate is to be with the girls' team from Highland Park.

Augustana is making preparations for another active debating season. Plans are under way for a triangle contest with Monmouth and Illinois on the question: "Resolved, That the United States should intervene in Mexico with the purpose of establishing a stable government." Another debate is planned with St. Olof on the subject: "Resolved, That the United States should adopt a system of compulsory militia service modeled after that of Switzerland."



### DIARY.

- Feb. 1—Exams!!! As an antidote Faculty members are serving tea in the Social Room.
- Feb. 2—Seraphina says, "Why worry about exams, when brains may be had at the butchershop for 12 1-2c a pound?"
- Feb. 3—We understand that the Sophomores have finished memorizing Chaucer.  
Athletic Association "Relief Party."
- Feb. 5—Registration Day.
- Feb. 6—Week of Prayer begins. Our services are to be conducted by Dr. Dancy of Chicago.
- Feb. 8—Day of Prayer.
- Feb. 10—Sophomores entertained Seniors at Colonial Inn.



## The College Greetings



A rumor is abroad that a chosen few of Sophomores are to be taken to Matanzas as "flunkies" on the Seniors' farewell camping trip.

- Feb. 13—Piano recital given by Miss Robinson and Mr. Jessen.
- Feb. 14—Jakey Papa, Iky Mamma and "das kind" Honey entertained the rest of the family with a Valentine party in the town girls' room.
- Feb. 16—Beginning Expression Students' Recital.
- Feb. 17—Athletic Association Carnival—Hot Dogs! Buy an Ice Cream Cone! Right this way to see the Snake Charmer, Fat Lady, Bare-back Riders, and Only Wild Woman in Captivity!
- Feb. 19—Washington Birthday Party.
- Feb. 20—Grades are arriving.  
Mr. Tucker lectured on "Socialism."
- Feb. 21—Miss Victoria Booth-Clibborn talked to us in chapel.
- Feb. 23—Miss Knopf is giving an exhibition of her pictures and the studio girls are serving tea.
- Feb. 24—Belles Lettres and Lambda Alpha Mu Society Banquets.
- Feb. 26—Sophomore-Junior Essay Contest.
- Feb. 27—Pledge Day.
- Mar. 1—Nothing interesting happened. Busy!
- Mar. 9—Senior Tables! Freshmen Recognition Day!  
Art Exhibit opened.  
Sophomore-Freshman Basket Ball Game.
- Mar. 10—"Lost Silk Hat" given by the Dramatic Club.
- Mar. 12—Organ recital given by Edith Hillerby, a Senior, in College of Music.
- Mar. 13—It rained last night. Bath tubs opened for good.
- Mar. 16—The beginning of "last things" for the Seniors. Dr. and Mrs. Harker give their annual dinner.
- Mar. 17—The Juniors make their entrance in green and white. A brave St. Patrick's Day showing.



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Miss A.—“What was the connection between California and Nebraska in 1854?”

H. I.—“A railroad.”

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M. W.—“Do you mean you have to put your chair in front of each door and draw it? I don't see any difference in them.”

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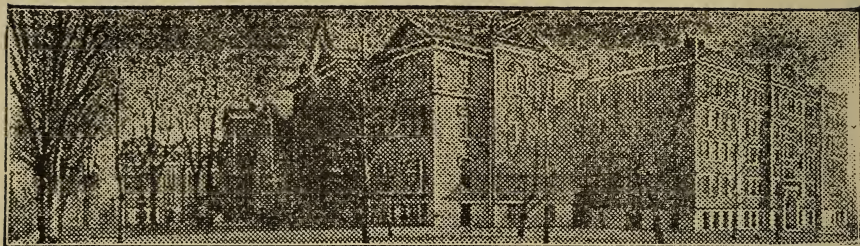
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